



THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY ART WILLIAMS

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. Uncle Billy Dodge, stage driver, Alfred Vincent, a young horse in Chinese Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Later at Anthony's station they find the redskins have carried their destructive work there also. Stella Anthony, daughter of Anthony, keeper of station, is introduced. Anthony has been killed. Vincent is assigned his work in unearthing plans of enemies of railroad being built. He returns to Stella, each showing signs of love for the other. Stella bears from her lover, Gideon, and of his phenomenal success. Finds letter of importance involving plans of opposition road. Plot to destroy company's ship. Flora is unearthing and incriminating evidence against Cadwallader. Found Chinese Cadwallader, facing prison, on charge of wire tapping. A perfect chain of evidence connects him with plot to blow up "Flora." Banquet in railroad town is scene of monopolization of Alfred by a Miss Hamilton. Mrs. "Sally" Harbord announces riches. Gideon makes threat against Alfred's life. Quickly leaves town on boat. Vincent searches for Vincent. Race to beat opposition company's stage a success. Stella fails to hear of Gideon. Stella receives a letter "Flora" to marry Gideon. Gideon or Alfred Vincent will die. After conference Stella decides to flee. Years pass. Stella becomes known as Esther. Anthony, becomes a rich woman, engages herself at Vassar and steps into highest San Francisco society. Kidnaping changes Alfred greatly. He and Stella meet in prison society, she passes him without recognition. Stella's love for Alfred and his for her is revived. However, neither shows recognition of the fact to the other. Anthony's romance is unfolded, showing Gideon, who loved Stella, to be her own cousin, Alvin Carter. Vincent's lover when the Harbords were poor visits them and Sally B. consents to their marriage, despite the fact that several sons of rich men are asking the girl's hand. The Harbords lose their riches and Sally B. again becomes a telegrapher. Vincent marrying Alvin Carter. Stella visits Sally B. and sees that she is the friend of the Central Pacific. Train bearing iron, which was to be the salvation of the Central Pacific, is wrecked. Alfred and Stella are reunited when former acts the hero in wreck of iron train. Alfred tells tale of being discovered by father for betraying schoolmate, Gideon Ingram, dis, forgotten by Stella. Central Pacific workers make great progress upon arrival of iron, building ten miles in one day.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

No man among them all had worked as hard as he had worked. Month by month his flesh had dropped away, his cheek tanned darker, as he fought his way from ocean to inland sea. The spare, square frame and the seamed face had changed him, aged him sadly. He had paid in heart and body on this tremendous project. And to his anxious wife, praying for this conflict to end, no less than to the exhausted men, his cry came like a glad clarion.

"It's ten miles, boys! Ten miles in one day! There's their camp! We'll touch Union Pacific rails to-morrow at Promontory!"

"Hooray! Another stride of the Central Pacific's seven-league boots to ward Brigham's drove of tender ewes!" cried some impatient voice.

Hammers dropped. Backs unbent, our reeked of pain. Cheer after cheer rent the still night. Ten miles! Ten miles! The greatest day's work in the world's railroad history!

Gregory went to his car happy, kissed his wife, joined his guests in a jolly supper, and slept—slept as he had not for months.

CHAPTER XXXIV. Freedom at Last.

From all America, from Europe and from the north, they came to join that monster excursion to the front.

San Francisco was awake at last. New York and Chicago had invaded her domain. Into her home preserves, to her very doors, they carried their audacious fight for business; cut her territory clean away with their broadsword of low prices. Like other lagards, she exulted over the victory she had tried to make defeat; and called aloud: "Come all good Americans, come all the world, help us celebrate. Even the Sacramento 'Clanton' in a burst of justice resented this, and announced to the world the names of the men, the city, and the two or three counties that, not only without San Francisco, but in spite of her, had accomplished the achievement of the age.

Now began to arrive forerunners of the event; the polished laurel tie and its silver plate, with an inscription that is to-day historic; the four-hundred-dollar golden spike, topped with a nugget as long as itself; the heavy silver hammer, the gold, silver and iron spikes from Arizona.

Gregory rushed from one task to another, sending back to California the greater part of his forces and apparatus, that they might pierce other mountains, conquer other deserts with new iron highways. Mr. Crocker was no less busy, flying back and forth between the Front and Salt Lake City, where the horde of visitors increased each day. Governor Stanford and his fellow-directors were there also, sleeplessly planning, organizing, making capital and influence with the leaders of the great inland hierarchy.

Alfred, quite recovered, was indispensable in many ways, hastening the tremendous cleaning, polishing, preparing that proceeded steadily among all concerned, from stoker to president.

They were counting the time before the event by hours, when Alfred, serving a telegram and an open letter hurried to Mr. Crocker.



"I Want You to Marry Me! To-Night! To Start Home—"

overland special. And joy go with you. But come back soon to us. We have a good job for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Crocker," Alfred said earnestly, wringing the offered hand, and hastening off to find Esther. She was coming down the steps of Gregory's car.

"Read that!" He thrust the letter into her hand, and stood by her side while she looked it over. It was dated at Boston.

"Dear Alfred: My Aunt Almira is dead, and has left me three thousand dollars. With this I've been able to pay the last dollar; and my statement is to be forwarded to your father to-night. He is traveling in the west; but his Salt Lake address is the same as formerly. I am now released from my promise of secrecy, and by the time you receive this your father will know how unjust he has been to you, how kind to the real criminal. At last I have vindicated you! But for you I should be in prison, or worse; my father dead of sorrow, my family disgraced. I shall waste no words in thanking you. God alone knows what you have been to me; I cannot tell it.

"Ever your humble, grateful,

"Max."

"Mr. Alfred Vincent Osborne."

"Now this!" Alfred thrust the telegram into her hand before she could speak. It was sent from Salt Lake, and signed, "George Osborne."

"Have just learned all from Max."

so gallantly that even Esther was deceived. Mrs. Hazmon rejoiced, though "two of her dear children had become one." Judge Harmon blustered a little incoherently about the theft of "his dear girl," but deluded no one.

But Sally B., happy in Esther's happiness, was yet bereft. Later she sobbed over her loneliness against her husband's breast. That was his moment of illumination. "Poor little critter! You're good Bill left, ye know. We'll prospect the rest of life on the same lead, won't we, honey? Git bright! It'll be sun-up soon, honey!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Wedding of the Rails.

A glorious, cloudless day! The tenth of May, 1869.

Beside the majestic inland sea, gathered there from near and from half the world away, men and women had come to celebrate the culmination of two tremendous enterprises.

Against calumny, against plot and counterplot, against the power of money and bribery, against old time himself, had the Central Pacific railroad come to completion. On pork, beans, "fleece," and pluck had it been built, teaching the world its greatest lesson in iron.

Surmounting similar obstacles the Union Pacific had come westward to meet it. And here, in the heart of the continent, amidst cheers, speeches, and the screaming of whistles, the

final blow was struck, the day made historic.

Early in the morning magnificent trains came from each way bearing officials and dignitaries. Following them thronged the sightseers.

Esther and Alfred were there, standing near the Central Pacific of feers, both radiant, unmasked of reserve, young, beautiful with happiness. Close at hand were Uncle Billy, the Harmons, and Amabel Hamilton, delicate, flower-like, bravely carrying a heartache that Alfred least of all suspected.

And Sally B.! No pen could paint the vividness of her cardinal plush gown, the sweep of the forty-dollar plume above her red Gainsborough hat, the gleam of her jewels, or the pride in the uplift of her dark head. Legal, brilliant, as glad of the great triumph as if it were her own, she drew every eye, dominated the scene, clamorously red against the surrounding gray.

Not the least striking among that remarkable assemblage was George Gregory. Erect as he had not been for months, well groomed and handsome in his faultless clothes, jubilant, he was yet restless from the very lifting of his burden, and tacked from shore to shore in the human sea, coming to anchor at intervals beside his wife.

But the eye of the vast throng, shifting from notable to notable, came off to rest upon the "Valiant Four," a quartette of keen, complementary minds, the power that had driven to completion the most difficult enterprise of the era.

Mark Hopkins, the treasurer, looked small beside the others; yet his body was vigorous, his eye vibrant, his lip firm. A fine, penetrating exactness, a rigid carefulness, enveloped him as a garment. A stern man, a just, employee and foster-children yet testified to his kindness, his consideration.

Bluff, hearty Charles Crocker, the superintendent, tractable, obstinate, yet reasonable, was also the daring, the generous, the pioneer!

Next stood Collis P. Huntington, the vice president, tall, stately, elegant, the keen financier, the astute business man, the subtle politician, the keeper of secrets; a tireless worker, a courtly gentleman.

Leland Stanford, the president, ex-governor of California, beloved by the people, this man was the cynosure. Imperial head powerfully set on a massive body; eyes of the seer, brows of the conqueror; mind of steel and heart of gold, brother of men and respecter of man, orator, friend, patriot.

Tall and erect declared to the Emperor Napoleon: "The great republic is a giant without bones." These four men had put into the giant a spine of iron.

Under the desert sky the spreading multitude was called to order. There followed a solemn prayer of thanks giving. The laurel tie was placed amidst ringing cheers. The golden spike was set. The trans-American telegraph wire was adjusted. Amid breathless silence the silver hammer was lifted, poised, dropped, giving the gentle tap that ticked the news to all the world! Then, blow on blow, Governor Stanford sent the spike to place!

A storm of wild hurrahs burst forth, desert rock and sand, plain and mountain, echoed the conquest of their terrors. The two engines moved up, "touched noses," and each in turn crossed the magic tie.

America was belted! The great Iron Way was finished.

THE END.

HAVE RIGHT TO RETAIN NAME.

Advantage English Women Possess Over American Sister.

"The English woman has at least one advantage over her American sister," said a young woman who has just returned from a two years' stay in London. "The English law does not require a wife to take her husband's surname. She can please herself. The point was settled several years ago when Mrs. Fenwick Milner was elected on the London school board. She had never taken her husband's name, merely altering 'Miss' into 'Mrs.' and a formal protest was entered against her election because it was claimed that she had not stood under her legal name. This protest was referred to the law officers of the crown and they decided in her favor. Now, there are a large number of society women in England, most of them widows, who have never taken the names of their husbands. They refuse to give up the title and position they already possess for the sake of using their husbands' names. Of course, the question of changing the name and thus losing their identity in marriage is even more important to the professional woman whose well-known name is often of commercial value. In America, where the women use one name for business purposes and another for society, it would seem dreadful never to take the husband's name at all, yet it is much simpler, and the almost invariable rule among English women."

Must Charge to Get Crowd.

The Ladies' guild of a certain New York church had planned an evening entertainment and reception, and asked the rector to make announcement of it on the Sunday preceding.

"This is all right," he said, "but you must charge admission."

"Why this is just a social evening," they protested. "We are inviting people."

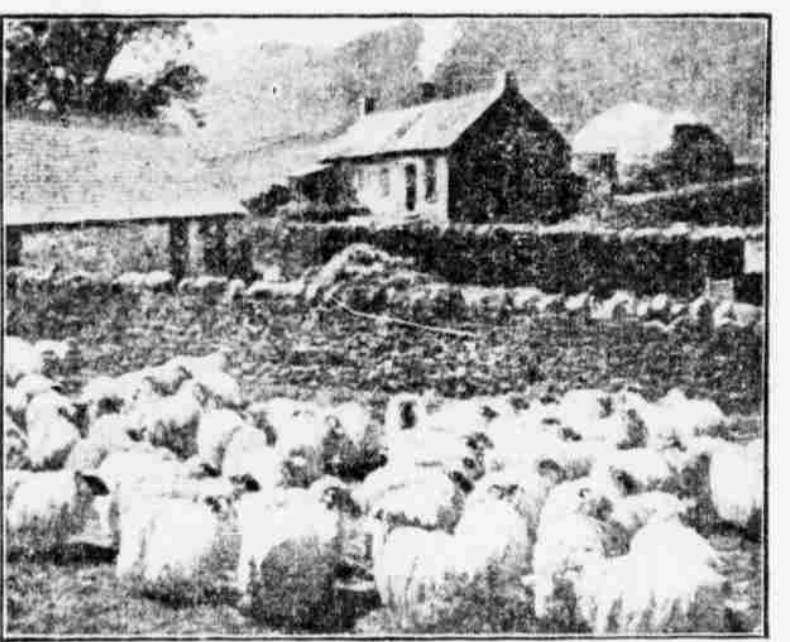
"They won't come," said the rector "because they will think it is not worth while. But charge a small admission and you will have a good crowd." So the women gave in, and subsequent events proved the rector was right.

MODERN METHODS OF SHEEP SHEARING GREAT HELP

Many Improvements Over Old Days When Wool Was Gathered by Allowing Animals to Rub and Squeeze Each Other.

The earliest method of securing the wool was to drive the sheep quickly through a narrow passage, and the squeezing and rubbing of one against another loosened and detached the wool. Later, an "improved" plan was adopted, which, in our ears, sounds somewhat inhumane, although, as a matter of fact, if done at the right time, there would probably be nothing painful or severe about it. The sheep were caught, and the wool was pulled from their backs by hand. This practice continued for many hundreds of years, for although Lalan and the other great pastoralists of his time clipped their sheep, Pliny tells us that, in his day, when Rome was in the zenith of her glory, "the sheep are not everywhere shorn, but the custom of pulling off the wool continues in some places." It is to the old patriarchs, then, that we must give the credit of having set about getting the wool in a business-like way, and from their day until now practically to change has taken place in the manner and method of clipping.

Most of the clipping on the big Border farms in Great Britain is done by the ordinary shepherding staff



Sheep Shearing Time.

Very often a helper is engaged for a fortnight or so, to push the work through, but the heaviest part of the burden rests on the shoulders of the permanent hands. Needless to say, it is a busy time while it lasts, for all the other work of the farm has to be carried on simultaneously, and it means for the shepherds getting up very early—not later than 4.30 and working late. The permanent hands, having their ordinary work to get through as well, do not, of course, clip so many sheep in a day as a clipper specially engaged for the job. About a score per man, or thereabouts, is considered a very good day's work, a good hand working full time will turn out, on an average, about thirty. Formerly he used to be paid by the day, but it is more usual now to follow the piecework plan.

On both sides of the Border, the Lowland sheep are always washed a week or so before shearing. But many farmers assert that there are other benefits which accrue from it. They say the washing improves the health of the sheep. Some old writers held this view, and Youatt writes that excellent chemist Vaucougn, who says: "In this respect I am inclined to adopt the opinion of those who think that the washing of sheep, during dry warm weather, may be useful to their health and to the quality of the wool." However this may be, it is beyond question that the practice of washing, previous to shearing, is of ancient date, and it is quite probable that its origin is to be found in the

FACTS ABOUT HENS AND EGGS

How to Make Most Money from Poultry.

When cholera appears in the flock give no water except that in which ploverfoot has been boiled. This is both a preventative and a cure. An Illinois man says one of his hens laid an egg two and seven-eighths inches long and one and fifteen-sixteenths inches wide, the measurement being taken with callipers.

One man will win with one kind of hen and another man with some other breed. It is with hens as it is with cows. We should choose the breed we like the best and then stay with it.

Fowls are naturally hardy, and contagion in a flock is due to carelessness on the part of the poultry keeper. This is proved by the fact that expert poultry raisers have very few sick chickens.

Hens need a better place in which to roost than the trees around the house. Of course, they may survive there, but merely living and returning a profit are two different things.

Don't stop feeding the hens shells just because they are out of doors, and can shift for themselves. There is no line, not even an imaginary one, between the days when the hen likes shells and when she does not. All days are alike in that respect.

A woman in Vermont writes that

from 60 pullets and 12 yearling Rhode Island hens she sold just year eggs to the amount of \$20.02, and counting the eggs used in a family of four. Feed, advertising, etc., cost \$14.77, making a gain of \$15.25. These hens laid 8,745 eggs.

To have the chickens mature rapidly a proper type of brooding fowl should be obtained. This type consists of fowls of medium size and broad and blocky in shape, like the Plymouth Rock and Wyandottes. The chickens should be frequently fed, and a sufficient quantity of food given each time to satisfy them.

Sugar as a Finishing Feed—A herd of 15 Black Angus cattle which was awarded first prize at the Chicago International Stock show, and which was sold at \$17 per hundred pounds, five weight, was fattened on a ration which included molasses. Besides pasture, feed corn and oats, the owner fed during the last month a mixture of oil meal and oats, to which was added a sprinkling of molasses. It was found that the molasses added a glossiness to the hides and improved the appearance of the animals in every way.

Alfalfa Seed—Alfalfa seeds resemble those of red clover in size, but differ in not being so uniform in shape. The color should be light olive green or greenish yellow. Darkened, discolored and shriveled seed should be discarded, as its germinating power is low. Plump, well-matured seed produces more plants and stronger plants than do the small and immature.